52 · T.V.

1. Should I hire a wig for you[2] - or can you make up.[2]
2 - D'you think Valerie Taylor would do for the Russian Princess, if she passed?
3. Many thanks for pleasant week end.
4 - Let me know what time Wednesday.
5. Have you been eating mushrooms?
6 · 7 · 8 · 9 · 10 · What a nice creature I am.
11 & 12 - Will this letter do with the cupboard?
13. Bring photograph of Orlando.
14 - dined with 14 Hockbrokers last night

Monday

The photographs are perfect, & the two Orlando's fit like a glove. I think we must get Lord Lascelles done next, & then — ?

Oh what a tantalizer Friday night was — always a shoulder between us; damn Raymond, damn everybody. And I feel rather boring at this moment. Two hour mole born — died instantly.

Shall I come Saturday for the night? — seems the only chance.

Let me know.

A thousand very interesting instructive things to day. I went out the country & got a stiff neck

Yesterday with the Stackbrokers— We had 5 hours such talk you can't imagine: in damp dripping wood for the most part. My passion for Stackbrokers is dead.

Remember Gorbodoc.

Remember Virginia.

Forget everybody else.

Should you say, it's wrong of you to ask, that you were fond of me?

If I saw you would you kiss me?

If I were married would you—

I'm rather excited about Orlando tonight: have been lying by the fire & making up the last chapter.

Yours

Virginia

52 T.S.

Sunday.

Dearest Creature

I forgot to say - or did I forget? -
that we must have 2 copies, on
glossy paper of the Lord Lascelles
picture. Could you order another
to be done & rent me ~~the~~ with
all possible haste when you go to get it
tomorrow?

Oh heavens what a hope Orlando is -
worse in his death than in his life!
Thank: I'm so tired of them

One tomorrow

V. W.

Friday night.

Dearest Creature,

You make me feel such a brute - I didn't mean to be. She can't regulate the time queen's voice, I suppose; for nothing I said could in substance make you wretched for even half a second — only that you can't help attracting the Flounderers - Nor you can; it's not your fault, or only hardly. And I'm half, or 10th, part, Venetian, when I see you with the Valerios & the Marys: do you can do-as-you-must that. And that's all there is to it as far as I'm concerned. I'm happy

to think you do care: for ofte I
seem old, fretful, querulous, difficult
(tho' charming) & begin to doubt.
But enough of these megrims.
You'll lunch here at one sharp
on Monday won't you: bringing your
curls & clothes. Nena wants to
photograph you at 2, that is
if she thinks the Lenare too bad.
I'm not sure.
Then, tho we might have some
fun.
Alvis just here in. no, its
only old friendship – nothing more.
I'm just going to stay in
my Neue Bed; & you're listening
to Genesis in Sheffield – Good God.
Love, my dear hinny, V Sackville

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621

Tuesday

Would you bring a book plate or
something with your Arms on it —
very important — also the
photograph of the man at
Worthing. Did you get the
Shelmerdine photographed? I'm
being pestered to send all these
things to America at once. I
see that every word will have to be
re-written

Come punctually at 4 with Pinker,
or Leonard will be gone. They
I come to the Broadcasting with you.

And aint it wretched you
Care for me no longer.
always said you were a

promiscuous brute - Is it a
Mary again; or a Jenny this time or
a Polly? Eh?
The truth shall be dug out of
you at all costs
And I to be wearing
my heart out for a
woman who goes
with any Tom
Jim!

Yours
Woolf

NYPL

Tel: 2621 Museum.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Tuesday

I'm awfully anxious to hear that Everything has gone well.
What an odious beginning to your day, I thought, at q
this morning; & how Ben waiting for the doctors. It was
brown fog here. Write, if you aren't buried alt.

The poor little Mole did help an hour after you left:
Came up to snuggle: found no warmth; & so heaped ours, &
sighed, & was dead. Would you like the belt kept for you?
Proves alterg warm & cosy so long as you were here — odd
that, Driven & hunted as you are, you should get to be to me
like a sunny patch on a hot bank. God — I'm
angry that your time should be scattered & filtered like this
Nothing is more fidgetting & exasperating; & why should it be
You, you humble? Because, if I were to have the
training of you, you might sit down & write a nice poem.
However you will: throw stones & the shanks this summer —
Drown hey Sackville; immure the boys: all crimes
against relatives must be forgiven after this flagellation:
Here I am cursing God because I have to go to
Reading tomorrow & so cut short my morning's work.
You do, when, as with me, the mind's bent one way, its
physical & moral torture to unbend. The mere
reds in the river bed can take this form or that — the
Marys the Valerys the Dollies: what hurts them is

J'ai soigneusement soigneusement

Concentration. But then they don't write novels; they don't even write novels (as bad as mine are.) At this present Dottie rang up to ask me to go to supper after the Stravels: had to explain I was already engaged to Clive, at which she sniffed rather.

I find Leonard's going to a brother on Sunday; so perhaps I could come down on Saturday night as you suggest. But it might be nicer to put it off till you come back. I don't mind which I could do both - and you might (& I shouldn't blame you) like an Evening alone. Let me know any time before Saturday.

Vaughan will come as early as you can on Sunday. Would you bring Gorboduc, or whatever it's called.

Did you hear Hugh Walpole[2]. Stud what are you doing at this moment[2] - Leonard's lecturing, I'm - I will be surprised to hear - reading 3 manuscripts & a book to review - Clever, aren't I, to be able to write to you at the same moment.

Yes, Stwa very very nice when you came in unexpected yesterday. Clive sent me a huge box of chocolates - Am I six years old? But they're rather good. And I think I shall want a photograph of Orlando in the East. Letter which ever way you like best about Saturday. I could certainly come later.

I say I do hope everything is all right. I'm not anxious. He's a very nice boy, Ben, jealous though I am of

Let me tell Sir. Philip Morrell is again to the Lord Virginia your nice boys.

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Friday

Shall I see Orlando next week?
Say Sir.
But when?
Let me know. in good time
Was Orlando present at Court?

Poor Kipling
mad
O—O
Nancy